

THE
FEMALE ADVOCATE;

A P O E M.

OCCASIONED BY READING

Mr. DUNCOMBE'S FEMINEAD.

*Self prais'd, and grasping at despotic pow'r;
Man looks on slav'ry as the female dow'r;
To nature's boon ascribes what force has giv'n,
And usurpation deems the gift of Heav'n.*

ANONYMOUS.

By Miss SCOTT. *K*

L O N D O N:

Printed for JOSEPH JOHNSON, No. 72, St. Paul's Church-Yard.
M.DCC.LXXIV.

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A P O E M



OCCASIONAL READING

MR. DUNCOMBE'S FEMININE AD.

Self praise, and boasting of superior beauty
Man holds as luxury on the female shore;
The nature's best adorned robes her give,
And adoration from the gift of Heaven.

ANONYMOUS.

By Miss SCOTT.

L O N D O N :

Printed for Joseph Johnson, No. 7, St. Paul's Church-Yard.
MDCCLXXIV.

T O

A L A D Y.

AS it was in compliance with my Dear Miss ——'s request this little Essay was finished, to her alone can it now with propriety be inscribed.

Mr. DUNCOMBE'S *Feminead* you and I have often read with the most grateful pleasure; and undoubtedly you remember, that we have also regretted that it was only on a small number of Female Geniuses that Gentleman bestowed the wreath of Fame; and have wished to see those celebrated whom he omitted, as well as those who have obliged the world with their literary productions, since the publication of his elegant Poem.

Being too well acquainted with the illiberal sentiments of men in general in regard to our sex, and prompted by the most fervent zeal for their privileges, I took up the pen with an intention of becoming their advocate; but thinking myself unequal to the task, it was quickly laid aside, and probably never would have been resumed,

sumed, had not your partiality to the Author led you to have been pleased with the specimen which you saw.

It may perhaps be objected that it was unnecessary to write on this subject, as the sentiments of all men of sense relative to female education are now more enlarged than they formerly were. I allow that they are so; but yet those of the generality (of men of sense and learning I mean, for it would be absurd to regard the opinions of those who are not such) are still very contracted. How much has been said, even by writers of distinguished reputation, of the distinction of sexes in souls, of the studies, and even of the virtues proper for women? If they have allowed us to study the imitative arts, have they not prohibited us from cultivating an acquaintance with the sciences? Do they not regard the woman who suffers her faculties to rust in a state of listless indolence, with a more favourable eye, than her who engages in a dispassionate search after truth? And is not an implicit acquiescence in the dictates of their understandings, esteemed by them as the sole criterion of good sense in a woman? I believe I am expressing myself with warmth, but I cannot help it; for when I speak, or write, on this subject, I feel an indignation which I cannot, and which indeed I do not wish to suppress: It has folly and cruelty for its objects, and therefore must be laudable; folly, because if there really are those advantages resulting from a liberal education, which it is insinuated they have derived from thence, the wider
those

those advantages are diffused, the more will the happiness of society be promoted: And if the pleasures that flow from knowledge are of all others the most refined and permanent, it surely is extreme barbarity to endeavour to preclude us from enjoying them, when they allow our sensations to be far more exquisite than their own. But I flatter myself a time may come, when men will be as much ashamed to avow their narrow prejudices in regard to the abilities of our sex, as they are now fond to glory in them. A few such changes I have already seen; for facts have a powerful tendency to convince the understanding; and of late, Female Authors have appeared with honour, in almost every walk of literature. Several have started up since the writing of this little piece; the public favour has attested the merit of Mrs. Chapone's "Letters on the Improvement of the Mind;" and of Miss More's elegant Pastoral Drama, intituled, "A Search after Happiness," "Poems by Phillis Wheateley, a Negro Servant to Mr. Wheateley of Boston;" and, "Poems by a Lady," printed for G. ROBINSON in Pater-noster-row, lately published, also possess considerable merit.

If I should be thought to have spoken with severity of men in general, I flatter myself I have not suffered one line to escape me, that can give pain to those of a more liberal turn of mind: For such, my heart feels all the esteem due to their exalted worth: They will approve of my design: And did they know how much,

2

years

years of ill health have impaired every faculty of my mind, it might perhaps lead them to be favourable in their censures on the execution. My ear will I hope ever be attentive to the dictates of the candid Critic; but, I also hope I have spirit enough to despise the sneers of the narrow-minded Pedant.

But zealous as I really am in the cause of my sex, yet I would not be understood to insinuate that every woman is formed for literature: the greatest part of both sexes, are necessarily confined to the business of life. All I contend for is, that it is a duty absolutely incumbent on every woman whom nature hath blest with talents, of what kind soever they may be, to improve them; and that that is much oftener the case than it is usually supposed to be. As to those Ladies whose situation in life will not admit of their engaging very deep in literary researches, it surely is commendable in them, to employ, part at least of, their leisure-hours, in improving their minds in useful knowledge: the advantages of an understanding in any degree cultivated, are too obvious to need pointing out.

I am, with the sincerest regard,

My Dear Miss,

Your most obliged friend,

Milborne Port,
May 10th, 1774.

MARY SCOTT.

THE

FEMALE ADVOCATE.

NOW, big with storms, rough winter issues forth
From the cold bosom of his parent North;
Now, scarce a flow'et rears its beauteous head
Above the surface of its native bed;
Stripp'd of its foliage, the late verdant grove,
No more invites my devious feet to rove:
How shall I soothe the anguish of a heart,
Yet bleeding from affliction's poignant dart?

B

A heart

A heart that long, alas, hath ceas'd to glow,
 Dead to each hope of happiness below ! 10
 Propitious come, ye fair AONIAN maids,
 And guide a wanderer to your hallow'd shades ;
 O, wrap me in your solitary cells
 Where Silence reigns, and Inspiration dwells !
 For once this tasteless apathy controul, 15
 And wake each sprightly passion of my soul.

But say what theme shall sportive Fancy chuse,
 Since nature's charms no more delight the Muse ?
 What theme ! and can it then a doubt remain
 What theme demands the tributary strain, 20
 Whilst LORDLY MAN asserts his right divine,
 Alone to bow at wisdom's sacred shrine ;
 With tyrant sway would keep the female mind
 In error's cheerless dark abyss confin'd ?
 Tell what bright daughters BRITAIN once could boast, 25
 What daughters now adorn HER happy coast.

In

In ages past, when learning's feeble ray
 First shone prophetic of a brighter day,
 The female bosom caught the sacred flame,
 And on her eagle-pinion soar'd to fame. 30
 Emerging from the gloom of mental night,
 Illustrious PARR* first rose divinely bright,

* Catherine Parr, daughter of Sir Thomas Parr of Kendall, and the sixth and last wife to King Henry VIII. She enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education, and was a woman of great sense, singular prudence, and a most strenuous friend to the reformation; which she studied to promote to the extent of her power. She frequently argued with the King on the subject of Religion, and urged him, as he had already separated from the See of Rome, to accomplish the glorious work he had begun; and thoroughly to refine the Church from the remains of superstition that still contaminated it. Impatient as Henry was of controul, such was his opinion of her worth, and such the affection he bore to her person, that he seldom betrayed the least indications of disgust at her freedom. She was very assiduous in studying the Sacred Writings, and books of Divinity, and occasionally had Sermons preached to herself, and such of the ladies of her bed-chamber as chose to be present, by several eminent Protestant divines, whom she retained in the character of Chaplains: for she dared to be the patroness of truth at a time when its professors were exposed to the utmost danger: After her death a discourse of her's, found amongst her papers, was published, intituled, *Queen Catharine Parr's Lamentations of a Sinner, bewailing the Ignorance of her blind Life.*

An instrument in Heav'n's o'er-ruling hand,
 To succour truth, and bless a guilty land,
 The rage of superstition to controul, 35
 And chase the mists of error from the soul.

Next beauteous **DUDLEY*** rose to grace the stage,
 The pride and wonder of her sex and age !
 Low bending at the radiant shrine of truth,
 Her soul renounc'd the idle toys of youth : 40
 Impell'd by nobler fires, she boldly soar'd,
 And every science, every art explor'd :
 Religion in its purest form array'd,
 Her tongue, her manners, and her pen † display'd.

* *Lady Jane Grey, wife to Lord Guildford Dudley.* Her virtues, learning, and sufferings, are so well known, that it would be impertinent to particularize them.

† See her letter to Mr. *Harding*, her Father's Chaplain, after his renunciation of the Protestant faith ; and letters to her father and sister, in the 3d vol. of *Fox's Ecclesiastical History*.

Rais'd to the splendid burden of a crown, 45
But soon compell'd to lay that burden down,
Torn sudden from a husband, from a throne,
'Twas then the heroine, then the Christian shone !
Her steady soul fate's fiercest frown could brave,
Secure of lasting bliss beyond the grave ! 50

O Faith, whose sacred transports never cloy,
Sweet prelibation of immortal joy !
What proud Philosophy but aims to preach,
'Tis thine with energy divine to teach :
Inspir'd by thee, we learn to smile at pain, 55
And all the vanities of life disdain ;
Can calmly meet the sudden stroke of fate,
Or wait, if Heav'n approves, a longer date ;
Convinc'd, howe'er Eternal Truth decides,
A parent's love still o'er our weal presides. 60

And

And THOU, with nature's noblest gifts endu'd,
 (Whom rival Kings with eyes of envy view'd,)
 ELIZA !* Britain's ever-fav'rite name,
 How vain the Muse's wish to speak thy fame !

Long, hid beneath the specious mask of zeal, 65
 Had bigot rage destroy'd the public weal ;
 Red with the blood of martyr'd saints, the land
 Implor'd relief from Heav'n's benignant hand :
 Heav'n heard her cries, beheld her flowing tears,
 And sent ELIZA to avert her fears ; 70
 Again, Religion rear'd her radiant head,
 And all around her sacred influence spread.
 To wisdom early train'd by adverse fate,
 ELIZA knew to guide the helm of state ;
 'Twas HER's to check the haughty power of Spain, 75
 And faction strove against her life in vain.
 Studious by each endearing art to prove,
 HER conduct worthy of HER peoples' love,

* Queen Elizabeth.

Yet would SHE from those glorious cares descend,
 And with the Muse * HER vacant moments spend: 80
 Well spoke HER verse HER great undaunted soul,
 Which, form'd for empire, scorn'd to brook controul.

MORES, SEYMOURS, COKES, † a bright assemblage shone,
 And shar'd the palm man fondly thought his own.

See

* The ingenious Dr. Percy, in his *Reliques of antient English Poetry*, hath obliged the world with two or three Poems written by Queen Elizabeth.

† Three daughters of Sir *Thomas More*, *Margaret*, *Elizabeth* and *Cicely*; all women of great talents and learning: But *Margaret* (wife to Mr. *Roper* of *Eltham* in *Kent*) seems to have been the most distinguished. She was a perfect mistress of the *Greek* and *Latin* tongues. She wrote two *Latin* Oration; and a Treatise of the *Four Last Things*, with so much fervor of devotion, and strength of reasoning, that her father declared it to be a better performance, than a discourse of the same nature written by himself. She also well understood *Musick* and *Mathematics*, and was complimented by the greatest men of the age, on account of her learning and accomplishments. She had a daughter little inferior to herself in *Genius* and *Learning*, who translated into *English* part of a *Latin* work of her grandfather; and also *Eusebius's* *Ecclesiastical History*, out of *Greek* into *Latin*. See the *Life* of Sir *Thomas More* in the second vol. of *British Biography*.

See, bending o'er NEWCASTLE'S * sacred urn, 85
 The Muses sigh, and drooping Fancy mourn !
 For

Three daughters of *Edward Seymour* Duke of *Somerset*; uncle, and Protector of King *Edward VI.* who were also greatly celebrated for their learning and genius.

Five daughters of Sir *Anthony Coke*, tutor to King *Edward VI.* who were famous for their knowledge in the learned languages. *Ann* the eldest was married to Sir *Nicholas*, and mother of the great Lord *Bacon*. She translated Bishop *Jewel's Apology for the Church* of England out of *Latin* into *English*; and sent a copy of her translation to the Bishop for his perusal, accompanied with a letter written in Greek; who returned her an answer in the same language, and declared it was so correct, that it needed not the least amendment. It was published in 1564, by the particular direction of Archbishop *Parker*. See the life of Sir *Nicholas Bacon* in the third vol. of *British Biography*.

Among the above-mentioned illustrious ornaments of that age, may be ranked Lady *Catharine Grey*, sister to Lady *Jane Grey*, who is also said to have been a woman of considerable learning; and the Countess of *Pembroke*, sister to the famous Sir *Philip Sidney*: A woman of fine accomplishments, and a great patroness of polite literature.

How unfashionable soever such a maxim may be in our days, it seems to have been a received one by the ladies in that æra, *that virtue and learning were the greatest ornaments of a woman!*

* Margaret Dutchess of *Newcastle* was the youngest daughter of Sir *Charles Lucas*, and born in the reign of King *James I.* She is said to have discovered

For well she knew on vent'rous wing to soar,
 And trace her fair ideal regions o'er.
 O, had she liv'd in this more polish'd age,
 And judgment rein'd imagination's rage, 99
 What magic songs our raptur'd ears had blest!
 Our passions rous'd, or sooth'd them all to rest.

In thee, illustrious KILLEGREW, || we find
 The Poet's and the Painter's arts combin'd :

'Twas covered even from her infancy a very strong propensity to poetry and every kind of polite literature. The uncommon turn of many of her compositions, shews her to have been possessed of a luxuriant imagination. In 1643, she was made one of the Maids of Honour to *Henrietta*, consort to King *Charles I.* And when that Princess left *England*, this Lady attended her to *France*; where she met with the Marquis of Newcastle, to whom she was married during her residence there. She died in 1673.

|| Mrs. *Ann Killegrew*, daughter of *Henry Killegrew* (one of the Prebendaries of *Westminster*) was born a short time before the restoration of King *Charles II.* Her naturally fine genius being improved by a polite education, she made a great proficiency in the kindred-arts of Poetry and Painting; especially in the latter, in which she probably might have rivalled the

'Twas thine, O all-accomplish'd maid, to charm 95
 Each breast that Virtue, or that Wit could warm:
 Though early lost to earth, thy favor'd name
 In DRYDEN'S verse shall boast immortal fame.
 O dire disease! what havock hast thou made!
 What crouds convey'd to death's impervious shade! 100
 By thee our fair ORINDA * too expir'd,
 Lov'd by the Muses, by the world admir'd!
 (And thou, my CELIA, in life's gayest bloom
 Felt'st its dread stroke, and met an early tomb:
 Listless I touch the long-neglected lyre, 105
 Now thy dear name has ceas'd my songs t' inspire.
 No more shall Fancy's glowing page delight,
 Or Art's proud trophies charm my aching sight,

greatest masters of her time, had not death arrested her in the bloom of youth and genius. She died of the small-pox, in the 25th year of her age. Her death was lamented in a long Ode by Mr. Dryden.

* The celebrated Mrs. Catharine Phillips, who also died of the small-pox.

Still the keen pangs of parting rend my breast,
And rob my days of peace, my nights of rest !)

110

Be RUSSELL's † name by ev'ry heart approv'd,
Whilst thou, celestial Piety, art lov'd :
In her the strongest fortitude combin'd
With all the graces of a female mind :
The noblest pattern of connubial love,

115

'Twas hers the dread extreme of grief to prove.
Yet still convinc'd that providence is just,
She made its arm her unabating trust ;
Saw lenient mercy blend her cup of woe,
And deal out all her portion here below :
Forever conscious of her Heav'nly birth,
And dead to all the vanities of earth,

120

† Lady *Rachel Russell*, daughter of *Thomas Wriothesley* Earl of *Southampton*,
and wife to *William Lord Russell*, who was beheaded in the reign of King
Charles II. See her letters.

Impatient to attain a purer clime,
 With pain her soul sustain'd the load of time.
 Yet Heav'n long spar'd her life to bless the age, 125
 And now she charms another by her page.
 O, may that page, where all the virtues shine
 And faith's strong ardors breathe in every line,
 Rouze the lethargic, animate the weak
 The fordid ties of sense and time to break ; 130
 Since ev'ry with that centers here below,
 Must end in disappointment, pain, or woe !
 Yet is not man unblest, nor Heav'n unkind,
 True pleasure dwells with ev'ry virtuous mind !
 How false the toy that oft assumes its name, 135
 For which we hazard honour, health and fame !
 Like the coquette, she on each wooer smiles,
 And charms his fancy by her soothing wiles ;
 His love obtain'd, his fond embrace she flies,
 And meets with cold disdain his longing eyes. 140

Eternal wisdom, with benignant zeal,
 Closely unites our duty and our weal :
 Hence, when we quit the Heav'n-directed way,
 And through the beaten paths of folly stray,
 Peace and contentment wing their hasty flight; 145
 And leave the mind a stranger to delight ;
 Wild anarchy prevails ; and dire despair,
 With tyrant sway, the ruffled breast shall tear.

Well do MIRANDA'S * all-harmonious lays
 Demand the Poet's tributary bays, 150

* The honourable Mrs. Monk, daughter of Lord Moleſworth, and wife to George Monk Esquire. So great was her capacity, that she acquired, without the assistance of a teacher, a perfect knowledge of the *Latin*, *Italian* and *Spanish* tongues : she translated several Poems of the best authors in those languages, and wrote many original pieces. She died about the year 1715 ; and on her death-bed at *Bath*, wrote a very pathetic epistle in verse to her husband in *London*. Soon after her decease her Poems were published under the Title of, "*Miranda, or Poems by a Lady*,"

Who

Who trod through learning's arduous paths alone,
 And made the wit of foreign climes our own;
 Blest by the Muse in life, nor left in death,
 Her panting bosom felt th'inspiring breath;
 Love nerv'd her hand (still to its object true) 155
 To bid the partner of her cares adieu,
 To bid him dry his sorrow-streaming eyes,
 And gratulate her journey to the skies!

'Twas thine O CHUDLEIGH * (name for ever dear
 Whilst wit and virtue claim the lay sincere!) 160

Boldly

* Lady *Chudleigh* was the daughter of *Richard Lee* Esquire, of *Winslade* in the County of *Devon*, and wife to *Sir George Chudleigh*. She seems to hint in some of her writings that she had not enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education; but her application to study, and great capacity, enabled her to make a considerable figure amongst her contemporary writers. She wrote many poetical pieces which were then highly approved of, and was a zealous asserter of the *female right to literature*. In 1710, she published a volume of *Essays in Prose and Verse* dedicated to the Princess *Sophia* of *Hanover*,

Boldly t'assert great Nature's equal laws,
 And plead thy helpless injur'd sex's cause :
 For that, thy fame shall undecaying bloom,
 And flow'rs unfading grow around thy tomb.

But say, HIBERNIA, can this humble verse 165
 Thy own CONSTANTIA's † various praise rehearse ?
 What though her fortune low, her birth obscure,
 Sprung from a race illiterate, rude and poor ;

To

Hanover, Mother of King *George I*, who was so well pleased with her Ladyship's compliments, that in return she sent her a letter in her own hand-writing ; a copy of which is inserted in *Lady Cbudleigh's Life* in the *Biographical Dictionary*.

† *Mrs. Constantine Grierson* was born in the county of *Kilkenny* in *Ireland*. She was a perfect mistress of the *Hebrew*, *Greek*, *Latin*, and *French* languages ; and was equally well acquainted with *History*, *Divinity*, *Philosophy*, and *Mathematics*. She wrote a *Dedication* of the *Dublin* Edition of *Tacitus* to Lord *Carteret* : to his son she wrote a *Greek Epigram*. She also wrote many *Poems* in *English*, but on those she set so little value, that there are none of them extant, except a few interspersed amongst *Mrs. Barber's Poems* ; and two *Epistles* to *Mrs. Pilkington*, published by that Lady, in her *Memoirs* of her

own

To all th' emoluments of art unknown,
 Yet Wit and Learning mark'd her for their own. 170
 With wond'rous ease, her comprehensive mind
 The various stores of knowledge all combin'd :
 A mind by nature form'd with strictest care
 To teach us what superior beings are.
 Of ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace possest, 175
 Weary of earth, impatient to be blest,
 Soon her glad spirit broke each feeble tye
 That held her here an exile from the sky;

own Life. To her great accomplishments Mrs. Grierson united the most fervent piety, and extensive benevolence. Her wit was not tinged with ill-nature, nor her learning sullied with pride : nor did her attainments in literature, render her neglectful of the humbler duties of domestic life. What makes her character the more remarkable is, that she had no assistance in acquiring the great fund of knowledge which she possessed, besides accidental instructions from a Clergyman, who resided in the Parish in which she lived. Her parents were in too low a station of life to be capable of affording her any advantages of education. Previous to her marriage she was obliged to submit to the drudgery of the needle, to procure herself a subsistence. Her short intervals of leisure, were the only opportunities she enjoyed for study. She died at the age of 27.

For there, there only, could her soul improve ;
 Such her exalted piety and love ! 180

Thrice glorious hour, when truth's unclouded ray
 Bursts on the mind in all the blaze of day !
 For O, what more than pompous trifles, all
 Those things we purblind mortals science call !
 In youth, when new-born spirits fire the breast, 185
 Of health, and hope, and vanity possess'd,
 With vigorous steps the arduous road we trace,
 But soon are wearied in the dubious chace :
 Errors, on ev'ry side, beset us round,
 And soon our anxious, searching minds confound. 190
 Thrice glorious hour, when truth's unclouded ray
 Bursts on the mind in all the blaze of day !
 Thrice glorious hour, her ardent vot'ries cry,
 And pant for life and immortality !

D

And

And THOU, * HIBERNIA's other fav'rite name, 195

Shall'ft with CONSTANTIA's ever join thy fame.

Thy merit well the charming angel knew,

And plac'd it in the faireft point of view.

Immortaliz'd by her, fay, can the Mufe

The well-meant tribute of her praife refuse? 200

Thy verfe for nobleft ends was ftill design'd;

To form aright the tender infant mind;

Vice to difrobe of ev'ry fair difguife,

And paint bright virtue to our raptur'd eyes.

Thee SWIFT, and noble ORRERY approv'd, 205

And ev'ry friend to modeft merit lov'd.

Whate'er, in beauty, nature had deny'd

To thee, O CHANDLER, † ſhe in wit ſupply'd.

* Mrs. Barber, the wife of a reputable tradesman in *Dublin*: a very ingenious Poetess, a woman of the most distinguished virtue, and a particular friend of Mrs. Grierſon's.

† Mrs. Chandler, ſiſter to the celebrated diſſenting clergyman of that name. Her Poems, the principal of which is "A deſcription of *Bath*, inſcribed

No rosy cheek, no lip of Tyrian dye,
 No polish'd forehead, nor the sparkling eye, 210
 Taught senseless beaus to prostrate at thy shrine,
 And hail their blooming idol all-divine :
 But virtue reign'd triumphant in thy heart,
 And thine was Poetry's delightful art.

To OXFORD next the Muse transported turns, 215
 Where JONES ‡ with all a Poet's ardour burns ;
 JONES, in whose strains another POPE we view,
 Her wit so keen, her sentiments so true.
 Like him the charming maid, with skill refin'd,
 Hath pierc'd the deep recesses of the mind ; 220

to her Royal Highness the Princess *Amelia*, have passed through several editions.

‡ See *Essays in prose and verse by Miss Jones*. A reader of taste and candour will not, perhaps, scruple to acknowledge, that her *Epistle on Patience*, addressed to Lord *Masham*, and that on *Desire*, to the honorable Miss *Lovelace*, are worthy the pen of our celebrated *etbica Poet*.

The latent principles of action trac'd,
And Truth with Art's enchanting beauties grac'd.

Ingenious MASTERS, * well thy tuneful lays
May claim the tribute of the Muse's praise ;
Whose soaring mind a parent's frown depress'd, 225
A mind with virtue, and with genius blest'd !
And yet, how sweetly-soothing in thy strains,
The Royal Bard of Palæstine complains !
Well too thou paint'st those envious critics pride
Who, fond to cavil, merit's charms would hide. 230
Superior to the labour'd songs of Art
The verse that flows spontaneous from the heart !

* Mrs. Mary Masters, a native of Otley near Leeds in Yorkshire. She herself informs us, that " her genius for poetry was always discountenanced by her parents ; that her education rose no higher than the Spelling-book, and the Writing Master ; and that, till her merit got the better of her fortune, she was shut out from all commerce with the more knowing and polite part of the world." The first volume of her Poems and Letters was published 1733 ; the second came out in 1755.

But yet more sweet, more finish'd far the line,
Where Art, and Nature, in fair union shine.

THOU † who did'st pierce the shades of gothic night, 235
And bring the first faint dawn of wit to light;
Who did'st the rude essays of genius save,
From dark oblivion's all-devouring grave;
To thee, fair patron of the Muses songs,
To thee each grateful Poet's praise belongs : 240
Praise, the sole boon a poet can bestow,
And the sole meed his arduous labours know.
Precarious meed ! for oft alas, the bard
Finds Envy rob him of that sweet reward :
Her baneful touch his laurels soon destroys, 245
And blasts the harvest of his promis'd joys..

† See the *Muses Library*, a collection of antient English Poetry, from the times of *Edward the Confessor*, to the reign of *James I* ; with an account of the Lives and Characters of the Writers ; by Mrs. *Cooper*.

O then

O, then, ye favor'd few ! whom wit inspires,
 Whom taste refines, or thirst of glory fires,
 To nobler objects turn the dazzled eye,
 Than Honour, Fame, or Fortune can supply : 250
 For sure alone in Virtue can ye find,
 Enjoyments suited to th'immortal mind.
 With ardour then her sacred paths pursue ;
 There still new pleasures strike the raptur'd view :
 Give to ambition there its utmost scope : 255
 Thus shall your blifs surpass your brightest hope.

'Twas FIELDING's ‡ talent, with ingenuous Art,
 To trace the secret mazes of the Heart.
 In language tun'd to please its infant thought,
 The tender breast with prudent care SHE taught. 260

‡ Mrs. *Fielding*, sister to the late *Henry Fielding* Esquire, and author of "The Adventures of *David Simple*;" "Letters between the principal Characters in *David Simple*;" "The *Governess*, or, the *Female Academy*;" "The Lives of *Cleopatra* and *Octavia*;" and "of a translation, from the Greek, of *Xenophon's Memorabilia of Socrates*."

Nature

Nature to HER, her boldest pencil lent,
 And blest HER with a mind of vast extent ;
 A mind, that nobly scorn'd each low desire,
 And glow'd with pure Religion's warmest fire.

High in the records of immortal fame 265
 Stands, charming TOLLETT ! * thy illustrious name :
 Thee Science led to her sequester'd bow'rs,
 And deck'd thy mind with all her fairest flow'rs :
 The charms of verse, of rapt'rous sounds, are thine,
 The pencil's magic, and the lore divine. 270

* Mrs. *Elizabeth Tollett*, daughter of *George Tollett Esquire*, Commissioner of the Navy in the reigns of King *William* and Queen *Ann*. Her father observing her uncommon genius, gave her so excellent an education, that, besides making a great proficiency in the *fine Arts*, she spoke fluently and correctly the *Latin*, *Italian*, and *French* languages; and well understood History, Astronomy, and Mathematics. These attainments were crowned with the most fervent piety, and every moral virtue. The former part of her life was spent in the Tower of London, (but under what circumstances her Biographer has not informed us); the latter at *Stratford* and *Westbam*. She died in February 1754. Her Poems were published in 1755.

O LENOX,

O LENOX, † thou “in various nature wise!”
 Proceed to paint our follies as they rise;
 Bid the coquette in blushes hide her face,
 Which affectation robs of every grace:
 Bid virtue, to her generous purpose true, 275
 Press on, and keep perfection still in view.
 Thus may success thy great designs attend,
 And fame, and fortune, smile on virtue's friend!

For love, for wit, and sentiments refin'd,
 (Another SAPPHO with a purer mind!) 280
 Endu'd with ev'ry charm that boasts to please,
 Good-nature, softness, sprightliness, and ease;

† Mrs. *Charlotte Lennox*, author of “*Shakespear illustrated, with critical Remarks*”; of “*The Sifter, a Comedy*”; and of, “*The Female Quixote*.” She has also translated (from the French) *Brumoy's Greek Theatre*.

Long

Long may'st thou, tuneful FRANCES, * be renown'd ;
 Thy life with honour, as with virtue crown'd.

When THEODOSIA † tunes her Heav'n-taught lyre, 285
 What bosom burns not with seraphic fire ?
 Sweet harmonist ! in thy extatic lines
 Virtue in all her native graces shines :
 There, each bright hope in tuneful numbers flows,
 And there, fair faith ! thy sacred ardour glows : 290
 There, resignation smiles on care and pain,
 And rapt'rous joy attunes the grateful strain.
 O yet may Heav'n its healing aid extend,
 And yet to health restore my valued friend :
 Long be it ere her gentle spirit rise, 295
 To fill some glorious mansion in the skies.

* See Letters between *Henry* and *Frances*. *Frances* (otherwise *Mrs. Griffiths*) besides her share in those ingenious and entertaining Letters, has translated from the French the writings of *Ninon de L'Enclos*, and written *Amana* a Dramatic Poem, and *A Wife in the Right*, a Comedy.

† See Poems on subjects chiefly devotional, by *Theodosia*, in two volumes.

But hark ! what softly-plaintive strains I hear !
 How sweet they vibrate on my list'ning ear !
 Sure GREVILLE'S || Muse must ev'ry bosom please
 That finds a charm in elegance or ease : 300
 Hers were those nice sensations of the heart,
 Whose magic pow'r can pain to joy impart ;
 A feeling " heart, that like the needle true,
 " Turn'd at each touch, and turning trembled too !"

Daughter of SHENSTONE * hail ! hail charming maid, 305
 Well hath thy pen fair nature's charms display'd !
 The hill, the grove, the flow'r-enamell'd lawn,
 Shine in thy lays in brightest colours drawn :
 Nor be thy praise confin'd to rural themes,
 Or idly-musing Fancy's pleasing dreams ; 310

|| See Mrs. Greville's beautiful Ode to Indifference.

* See original Poems by Miss *Wheatly*.

But still may contemplation † (guest divine !)
Expand thy breast, and prompt the flowing line.

But thou MACAULAY, ‡ say, canst thou excuse
The fond presumption of a youthful Muse?
A Muse, that, raptur'd with thy growing fame, 315
Wishes (at least) to celebrate thy name;
A name, to ev'ry son of freedom dear,
Which patriots yet unborn shall long revere.

O Liberty ! Heav'n's noblest gift below,
Without thee life were but one scene of woe : 320
Beneath thy sway, in these auspicious isles,
Science erects her laurell'd head, and smiles;
Our great AUGUSTUS lives the friend of Arts,
And reigns unrivall'd in their vot'ries Hearts.

† This couplet alludes to a fine Poem of that Lady's, intituled, "The
Pleasures of Contemplation."

‡ Mrs. Macaulay the Historian.

A softer theme now claims the Muse's praise, 325
 She feels the pow'r of ANNA's * tuneful lays :
 Nor fortune's frowns, nor blindness could controul
 The noble rage of her aspiring soul.
 When pensive o'er the tomb of GREY † she mourns,
 Each heart the sympathetic sigh returns. 330
 In poor FLORILLA's varying fate we view,
 How vain the toys our eager hopes pursue :
 Nor wealth, nor wit, nor beauty can impart
 One tranquil moment to the anxious heart.
 Virtue ! thou only smooth'st the brow of woe, 335
 And thou alone can'st lasting bliss bestow !
 Whilst o'er life's various sea my bark shall glide,
 Do thou a pilot at the helm preside :

* See Miscellanies in Prose and Verse by *Anna Williams*.

† *Stephen Grey*, F. R. S. and author of the present doctrine of electricity. Mrs. *Williams* informs us, that she was the person who first discover'd the emission of the electrical spark from the human body, as she was assisting Mr. *Grey* in some of his experiments. She has since suffered a total loss of sight.

When

When gathering clouds the changing skies o'ercast,
 When rough the surge, and loud the furious blast ; 340
 Or when the Heav'ns shall smile serenely fair,
 Each wave roll smooth, and mild each breath of air ;
 Teach her one steady, glorious course to steer,
 Not rashly bold, nor yet restrain'd by fear ;
 And may thy faithful compass guide her way, 345
 To the bright regions of Eternal Day !

What various pow'rs in PENNINGTON * we find !
 Taste, spirit, learning, elegance combin'd.
 All-musing now in Contemplation's shades,
 Her search the intellectual world pervades : 350
 Now led by Fancy's visionary ray,
 She soars unfetter'd through th' ærial way.

* See letters on different subjects by the Author of "The Unfortunate Mother's Advice to her absent Daughters." (Lady Pennington.)

The tender mind form'd by her fost'ring hand,
 It's weak ideas quickly learns t'expand:
 'Tis Hers to charm in ev'ry varied scene, 355
 Though witty modest, and though warm serene.

Say MONTAGU * can this unartful verse
 Thy Genius, Learning, or thy Worth rehearse?
 To paint thy talents justly should conspire
 Thy taste, thy judgment, and thy SHAKESPEARE'S fire. 360
 Well hath thy Pen with nice discernment trac'd
 What various pow'rs the Matchless Poet grac'd;
 Well hath thy Pen his various beauties shown,
 And prov'd thy soul congenial to his own.
 Charm'd with those splendid honours of thy Name, 365
 Fain would the Muse relate thy nobler Fame;

* Mrs. Montagu, Author of the "Essay on the Genius and Writings of
 "Shakespeare, compared with the Greek and French Dramatic Poets."

Dear

Dear to Religion, as to Learning dear,
 Candid, obliging, modest, mild, sincere,
 Still prone to soften at another's woe,
 Still fond to bless, still ready to bestow. 370

O, sweet Philanthropy ! thou guest divine !
 What permanent, what heart-felt joys are thine !
 Supremely blest the maid, whose generous soul
 Bends all-obedient to thy soft controul :
 Nature's vast theatre her eye surveys, 375
 Studious to trace Eternal Wisdom's ways ;
 Marks what dependencies, what different ties,
 Throughout the spacious scale of beings rise ;
 Sees Providence's oft-mysterious plan,
 Form'd to promote the general good of man. 380
 With noble warmth thence her expanded mind
 Feels for the welfare of all human-kind :
 Thence flows each lenient art that soothes distress,
 And thence the unremitting wish to bless !

Th' aspiring Muse now droops her trembling wings, 385
 Whilst, INDOLENCE, * thy tranquil pow'r she sings ;
 " Not sordid sloth," the low-born mind's disease,
 But calm retirement, and poetic ease.
 Ah! let me ever live with THEE immur'd,
 From Folly's laugh, from envy's rage secur'd, 390
 In ev'ry scene of changeful life the same,
 Not fondly courting, nor despising Fame.

TALBOT, ‡ did e'er mortality enshrine
 A mind more gen'rous, meek, or kind, than thine?
 Delightful moralist! thy well-wrote page 395
 Shall please, correct, and mend the rising age ;
 Point

* See *Indolence* a Poem, by the Author of *Almida* a Tragedy. (Mrs. *Celestia*, daughter of the late Mr. *Mallett*.)

‡ Mrs. *Catherine Talbot*, only daughter of the Reverend *Edward Talbot*, Archdeacon of *Berks*, and Preacher at the *Rolls*; (younger son of Dr. *Talbot* Bishop of *Durham*.) This truly excellent Lady was blest with the happiest natural talents : her understanding was vigorous, her imagination lively, and the

Point out the road the thoughtless many miss,
 That leads through virtue to the realms of bliss.
 Fain would my soul thy sentiments imbibe,
 And fain thy manners in my own transcribe: 400
 Genius and Wit were but thy second praise,
 Thou knew'st to win by still sublimer ways;
 Thy Angel-goodness, all who knew approv'd,
 Honour'd, admir'd, applauded too, and lov'd!
 Fair shall thy fame to latest ages bloom, 405
 And ev'ry Muse with tears bedew thy tomb.

And THOU † whose pen, congenial to thy breast,
 Hath shown us Virtue by the Graces drest;

her taste refined. Her virtues were equal to her genius, and rendered her at once the object of universal love and admiration. She was the Author of "Reflections on the Seven Days of the Week;" and of "Essays on various Subjects," 2 volumes. Her writings breathe the noblest spirit of Christian benevolence; and discover a more than common acquaintance with human nature.

† See "Sermons by *A Lady*, The Translatress of four select Tales from "*Marmontel*."

Hath stigmatiz'd the miser's narrow aim,
 And bid our youth revere a parent's claim; 410
 Taught us that nought beneath yon radiant sky,
 The mind's unbounded wishes can supply;
 Still in the glorious race, O let thy soul
 Press boldly on, Eternal Life's the goal!

Nor shalt THOU † be forgot whose tuneful tongue 415
 So well the charms of STRAWBERRY-HILL hath sung;
 Long shall thy wit in WALPOLE's numbers live,
 When dead the little honours mine can give.

Fir'd with the Music, AIKIN, ‡ of thy lays,
 To thee the Muse a joyful tribute pays; 420

† See Poems by *A Lady*, printed for *Walter* in 1771.

‡ See Poems and Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose, by Miss *Aikin*, (daughter of the Reverend Mr. Aikin, one of the tutors to the Academy at Warrington) lately married to the Reverend Mr. Rochemont Barbauld.

Transported dwells on that harmonious line,
 Where taste, and spirit, wit, and learning shine;
 Where Fancy's hand her richest colourings lends,
 And ev'ry shade in just proportion blends.
 How fair, how beauteous to our gazing eyes 425
 Thy vivid intellectual paintings rise!
 We feel thy feelings, glow with all thy fires,
 Adopt thy thoughts, and pant with thy desires.
 Proceed, bright maid! and may thy polish'd page
 Refine the manners of a trifling age: 430
 Thy sex apprize of pleasure's treach'rous charms,
 And woo them from the Syren's fatal arms;
 Teach them with thee on Fancy's wing to soar,
 With thee, the paths of science to explore;
 With thee, the open book of Nature scan, 435
 Yet nobly scorn the little pride of Man.

Man, seated high on Learning's awful throne,
 Thinks the fair realms of knowledge his alone;
 But you, ye fair, his Salic Law disclaim:
 Supreme in Science shall the Tyrant reign! 440
 When every talent all-indulgent Heav'n
 In lavish bounty to your share hath giv'n?

With joy ineffable the Muse surveys
 The orient beams of more resplendent days:
 As on the raptur'd looks to future years, 445
 What a bright throng to Fancy's view appears!
 To them see Genius her best gifts impart,
 And Science raise a throne in ev'ry heart!
 One turns the moral, one th' historic page;
 Another glows with all a SHAKESPEARE'S rage! 450
 With matchless NEWTON now one soars on high,
 Loft in the boundless wonders of the sky;
 Another now, of curious mind, reveals
 What treasures in her bowels Earth conceals;

Nature's minuter works attract her eyes ; 455

Their laws, their pow'rs, her deep research descries.

From sense abstracted, some, with arduous flight,

Explore the realms of intellectual light ;

With unremitting study seek to find,

How mind on matter, matter acts on mind : 460

Alike in nature, arts, and manners read,

In ev'ry path of knowledge, see they tread !

Whilst men, convinc'd of Female Talents, pay

To Female Worth the tributary lay.

Yet now there sure are some of nobler kind, 465

From all their sex's narrow views refin'd,

Who, truly wise, attempt not to controul

The generous ardor of th' aspiring soul :

Such, tuneful DUNCOMBE, * thou, whose Attic lays

Demand the warmest strains of grateful praise : 470

* The Reverend *John Duncombe* M. A. Fellow of Corpus Christi College Cambridge, Rector of St. Andrew's and St. Mary Bredman's, one of the Six Preachers at the Cathedral at Canterbury, and Author of the *Feminead*, or

Fearless of censure, boldly thou stood'st forth
 An able Advocate for Female Worth !
 For that ! may the far-sounding Voice of Fame,
 To latest Ages bear thy honour'd Name ;
 For that ! may Fancy still her aid impart, 475
 And still the Muse's smile dilate thy heart ;
 For that ! may Hope still strew thy path with flow'rs,
 And ev'ry blessing crown thy circling hours !

Such HE † who dared " against a World decide,
 " And stem the rage of Custom's rapid tide ; " 480

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† See a Poem in *Dodsley's Miscellanies*, intituled, " The Female Right to Literature, in a Letter to a Young Lady from *Florence*," written by the Reverend Mr. *Seward*, Canon of *Litchfield*.

Who kindly bade **ATHENIA'S** "growing mind,
 "Take ev'ry knowledge in of ev'ry kind."

And such art **THOU**, my ever-valued friend;

Ah! still thy candour to the Muse extend:

Permit that honour'd Name to grace her page, 485

Which shames the manners of a selfish age!

(That name, whose merit still this heart must feel,

Yet vainly strive that merit to reveal!)

PHILANDER! generous, affable, sincere,

His taste as polish'd as his judgment clear, 490

Blest with the tenderest feelings of the Heart,

Wise without Stiffness, prudent without Art,

Form'd with like ease to enjoy a prosp'rous state

Or bear the storms of unpropitious fate.

Such **HE**, who, when I first attun'd the lay, 495

With his own candour view'd the faint essay;

En-

Enjoin'd me still to court the Muse's smile,
 The tiresome hours of languor to beguile.
 O could this pen, which gratitude impells,
 But tell how ——— in each scene excels!
 O could she but some glowing colours find,
 To paint each feature of his finish'd mind!
 A mind, unstain'd with vanity, or art,
 The gentlest manners, and the kindest heart!
 A mind where prudence, judgement, taste unite,
 Though learn'd yet humble, though sincere polite;
 His passions calm'd, his wishes all subdu'd,
 But these (the noblest!) to be wise and good.

Ye generous pleaders of the female cause,
 Ye friends to Nature's (her's are Reason's laws)
 For you the Muse shall raise her drooping wing,
 And Peans echo from each trembling string.

Though

Though sunk with languor, and unceasing pains,
 Life's purple current stagnates in my veins ;
 Though Fancy mourns her fairy visions fled, 515
 And all the fond, fond hopes of youth are dead !
 Still next to virtue, science charms my eye,
 And frequent prompts the unavailing sigh.

But O would Heav'n my faded health renew,
 Unwearied I'd the glorious toils pursue ; 520
 Well-pleas'd in sweet retirement's shady bow'rs,
 In studious ease, to spend my remnant hours.

F I N I S.

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